Laid open all your victories in Scotland:
Your discipline in war, wisedome in peace:
Your bounty, vertue, faire humilitie:
Indeede left nothing fitting for the purpose
Vntoucht, or sleightly handled in discourse:
And when mine oratorie grew to an end,
I bid them that did loue their countries good,
Crie, God saue Richard, Englands royall King.
Glo. And, and did they so?
Buc. No so God helpe me,
But like dumbe statues or breathing stones,
Gazde each on other and looke deadly pale:
Which when I saw, I reprehended them,
And askt the Maior what meant this wilfull silence?
His answere was, the people were not wont
To be spoke to, but by the Recorder.
Then he was vrgde to tell my tale againe:
Thus, saith the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferd:
But nothing spake in warrant from himselfe:
When he had done, some followers of mine owne
At the lower end of the hall, hurld vp their caps,
And some ten voices cried, God saue King Richard.
Thankes louing Citizens and friends, quoth I,
This generall applause and louing shoute,
Argues your wisedomes and your loue to Richard:
And so brake off and came away.
Glo. What tongleſſe blocks were they, would they not,
Buc. No by my troth my Lo: (speake?
Glo. Will not the Maior then, and his brethren come.
Buc. The Maior is here at hand, and intend some feare,
Be not spoken withall, but with mightie sute:
And looke you get a praier booke in your hand,
And stand betwixt two churchmen good my Lo:
For on that ground Ile build a holy descant:
Be not easie wonne to our request:
Play the maides part, say no, but take it.
Glo. Feare not me, if thou canst pleade as well for them,
As I can say nay to thee, for my selfe,

No

No doubt weele bring it to a hap
Buc. You shal see what I can do,
Now my Lord Maior, I dance at
I thinke the Duke will not be sp
Here comes his seruant: how no
Catef. My Lord, he doth intre
To visit him to morrow or next
He is within with two right reue
Diuinely bent to meditation,
And in no worldly sute would h
To draw him from his holy exe
Buc. Returne good *Catesby* t
Tell him my selfe, the Maior an
In deepe designes and matters o
No lesse importing then our ge
Are come to haue some confer
Catef. Ile tell him what you say
Buc. A ha my Lord, this prince
He is not lulling on a leaud day
But on his knees at meditation:
Not dalying with a brace of Cur
But meditating with two deepe
Not sleeping to ingrosse his idle
But praying to inrich his watchf
Happie were England, would t
Take on himselfe the soueraign
But sure I feare we shall neuer
Mai. Marry God forbid his
Buc. I feare he will, how now
What saies your Lord?
Catef. My L. he wonders to w
Such troupes of Citizens to spe
His grace not being warnd ther
My Lord, he feares you meane
Buc. Sorie I am my noble C
Suspect me that I meane no go
By heauen I come in perfect lo
And so once more returne and

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